

Star of Bethlehem.

Stars of Bethlehem in the garden, Stars of Bethlehem in the lane, Five white stars upon slim green footalks, every white star heavy with

rain,
These are the flowers that the country gathers in great green bundles and sends to town. Sells to the city for bits of silver to buy

scarf and a muslin gown. Earth has her stars and scant esteems them when rank and thickly as

weeds they grow, green stalk gives up its smell of gar-lic, the stars grow lax on their wait-

ing stem. But why should a woman stay her shopping for the sake of a Star of Beth-lehem?

There was a star in an eastern country that guided men to a little town Where Wisdom worshipped, and Wealth grew humble, and Strength would kneel as a beggar down; But stars that are rooted and cannot

wander, stars so meek that they list to grow
In rankest grasses—what need of wonder that no one cares if they fade or

Yet, I pray you who chance to see them fading and flowering times between, Snowy stars, upon slender footstalks, high on a sturdy stem and green.

on a study stem and green.

Open your eyes unto their beauty, stay
but a little to look at them.

Lest you be blind to the far-off shining
of the older Star of Bethlehem. -Nora Hopper in the Westminster Ga-

A Rose Birthday Party.

A children's birthday party this month will be a rose tea, suggested the New York Post. The house will be decorated with roses, bowls of them set about the plazzas, and little baskets of buds at each place at the table, he ha large centreplece of roses. Rose-frosted cakes, rosetinted jelly, and ices frozen in rose moulds will figure on the menu. An adaption of the old but ever-popular donkey game will be played. A large pink rose, painted in water-colors on a sheet, will be hung on a screen Stems, also painted in water-colors, to at- the on strips of paper, will be distributed, among the children, who, blindfolded, will cut modus vivendi between these long hos-take turns in making an attempt to at-

tail, which she had to read to learn of bargains; the second is the women's club movement. There is to-day no society but-

terfly, even in the highest circle of butter-flydom, who is not a little bit asbamed to confess that she is densely ignorant of events in the world's current history.

'So far the modus vivendi is a success.

Woman has even discerned that mild scan-dals about the people she knows make the most fascinating sort of reading; way ahead of Isben or Kipling. But when it

comes to having her own name in the papers, she still throws her wings like a frightened bird, and furthers as though she had a premonition of the pose-mortem pot-

"Similarly the newspaper has partly gotten over its habit of indulging in horse

play about women.
"The editor realizes that woman is playing a real part in what the world is doing. Women's organizations are treated with as much respect as they deserve.

"I have an idea it is a good thing for

each half of the world to know how the other half lives. For that, if for nothing else, you should read the newspapers. Suppose they do show filth, It is filth that must be seen to be removed. Suppose they do show crime. It is crime that springs they have been to be seen to be removed.

do show crims. It is crime that springs out of the social conditions that surround you. It is far better to open your eyes and cars to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. That makes you a better member of society, as well

Now for the Country.

We are going to the country. Come along,

my little child: Through this breezy, easy summer you

are to run a triffe wild. Bring yor waxen, flaxen dollies, and your

dearest, queerest one, And your little brittle dishes and your

saucy squirrel, Bun.
Wash your rosy, posy fingers till they're
very olean and neat.

Put your shiny, tiny slippers on your agile, ragile feet;
Hop and pop into the lightest and the brightest of your frocks,
Tie your ramble-bramble hat upon your

blowing, flowing locks.
Skipping, tripping to the station, where the luggage van is piled—
Yes, we're going to the country. Come

along, my happy child. -Ethelwyn Wetherald in Youth's Compan-

When You Buy Dollies.

A father was commissioned by his small daugater to buy a dozen little bisque dolls, says the New York Evening Sun. Her in-

structions were so many and so detailed that the father found himself hesitating to perform the commission. "See here.

to perform the commission. "See here, Ethel," he said at last, "I'm afraid I'll

make some awful mistake. Don't you think you'd better wait until your cold is better, and then you can go into town some day with mamma and pick out the doll-bables

for yourself?"
"Oh; no, papa," cried Etael, "I do so want them right off. And, papa, I'll tell you how to choose them. Just pick each one up and look straight into its eyes, and if it looks at you as if it really and

Only Seven Centuries Long.

Mrs. Tenspot-I am so glad that you are

engaged to Harry Willoughby. Was it a long courtship? Miss Skidmore-Not very. My cyclom-leter registered about 700 miles.—Stray

or yourself?"

لعندا الدائد إ

live."-Detroit Free Press.

batter churchman every day you

as copyists of the American's way making up garments. A friend had need of a dozen undergarments. As she came over on shipboard a button was lost, and an exceedingly clumsy and ugly one re-placed the one lost, which was of pearl. On placed the one lost, which was placed reaching Shangti sne desired a tailor to copy from this garment, which was placed in his hands as a model. He brought back the garments, exquisite creations in lace and tucked muslin and each of the dozen adorned with a button exactly like the one

Would Help It.

"Do you think Boston is the most intel-lectual city of the United States?" in-quired Miss Featheringstone.
"Well, weally," replied [Clarence, "I haven't been theah and nevah gave the subject much study, doncherknow, but if I was in the city, it would seem so, I pwesume."

And no wonder why Miss Feathering-stone smiled,—Indianapolis Sun.

Wellesley to Honor Miss Gould.

The present senior class of Wellesley did a rather nice thing three years says the New York Times, when it made Miss Helen Gould an honorary mem-ber. It was a pretty and unique honor, and Miss Gould accepted it, but she has never been to visit her classmates. There have been times set for a visit, but it was unavoidably postponed. The 23d of this month, unless something very unusually happens, she is to go down to Wellesley, and, that being Saturday, remain until the following Wednesday. The col-lege is charmingly located, and the coun-try will be in the height of its summer beauty at the time. The seniors will endenvor to give Miss Gould the best time of her life if she can find it in college functions. A degree will be conferred upon Miss Gould while she is at Wellesley.

Song of the Automobile

I rumble over asphalt ways And rattle on the cobble, I dash into the cable's maze And round the corner wobble;

I roll and tilt and turn about, A record fast pursuing. Until my battery gives out, And then-there's nothing doing!
-The Smart Set.

Do Women Like Newspapers?

"A modus vivendi is slowly being es-tablished between woman and the news-papers," said Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alpapers, said arts, cylindra den last evening, in the Turkish-room before the members of the Woman's International Press Union. "Twenty years ago they were at swords' points, Woman was jealous of the newspaper and the newspaper and received the programme of the paper realized her antagonism and reci-procated it. The hoop-skirt, the bustle, the false hair, and the store teeth, and the mother-in-law. "Two forces are responsible for the pres

JUNE.

ing at the sun, The apple blooms have drifted in the

The feet of Spring are passing, Summer's revels have begun. Don't you hear the happy robin's mellow strains?

The Summer Sirl. The daisies in the meadow grass are smil-

A lacking mars my bliss Mid the blossoms which the dews of morn empearl. morn empearl.
She tarries. What belates her?
Behold a throne awaits her.
That love hath built her in my heart—

The winsome Summer Girl. I know that she will smile at me in just

the same old way.

I know just how her tiny teeth will peep. Her frolic laugh will lure me o'er the hillside, through the spray
Till I see her dimples twinkle in my sleep.
Naught will alter but her gown,
When she hies her from the town

To set the brains of all the beaux awhirl; And when the blossoms shatter,
And the birds of summer scatter,
She'll vanish with the butterflies—

The winsome Summer Girl. -Samuel Minturn Peck, in Harper's

Paderewski at Home.

Paderewski at Home.

The days so jealously guarded are spent by Paderewski, in very systematic fashion. A great pianist can never loaf and invite his soul, in thorough idleness. He is the slave as well as the master of the keys. After his early dejuner. Paderewski practises until this second breakfast, at twelve o'clock or devotes a part of the three or four hours to musical composition. It is the little study, on the second three or four hours to musical composition. It is the little study, on the second
floor of the enateau, that he has written
almost all of his work. This study is essentially a work-room, simply furnished;
but, from his seat at the desk, or from
his piano stool, the artist can look out
across the lake to where Mt. Blanc dominates the mountain peaks; and he knows
and loves every mood of the mountain
ronarch. The walls of the study are in
the Polish national color, amaranth. Indeed, this color is the key-note of the
whole house, and the sentiment of the
selection is, perhaps, more admirable than
the decorative effect; for amaranth, though
beautiful in print and poetry, is, after all,
but a glorious magenta, and does not lend
itself readily to color combinations. In the
study are photographs of the artist's dearitself readily to color combinations. In the study are photographs of the artist's dearest friends, portraits of his family, and the souvenirs of his professional career that he prizes most highly. Among the last, the wreath given him by the Boston Symptony Orchestra has the place of honor, hanging just over the piano. During the last few years, the amaranthine walls have echoed, early and late, with the music of the opera which is at present Paderewski's most absorbing interest, and which he hopes to bring out, in November, at the Dresden Opera-House.—Harper's Bazar. Harper's Bazar.

A Kentucky Woman's Luncheon Club A business woman's club in Louisville, Ky., includes a noon-day luncheon-room on the plan of those-provided at men's clubs. Although the first luncheon, marking the opening of the club, was served in March, 1890, the membership already reaches nearly 900. An entire house and a large dining-hall in an adjoining building are occupied by the club. A library, a rest-room, a reception-room and small and large dining-rooms are there, and dinner at night may be enjoyed as well as the noon-time luncheon. Twenty women are employed in the food department, including the superintendent, and the receipts in two weeks in the new dining-room were \$857.67 for 6,213 luncheons. The club is governed by a poard of managers and its members us the classes of the Young Women's Chris-tian Association, of which it is, in a sense, a branch. It has an employment and exchange department, a comfort committee to look after the ill, a library committee and an entertainment committee .- Chicago

Her Idea of a Trained Nurse. A little artist friend of mine on

Street has a very black cook, named IAly, who is a treasurer. She has a wonderful way with a steak or an omelet, and she has a great many wise views on general subjects. The methods of modern hospital nursing were the burden of her song one recent morning.
"Laws, Miss Sophie," said she, "I ain't

got no use for these yere trained nurses They jest worries the patient an' don't do no good. They got the foolishest ways indeed they has, I've seen 'em. I know how they does. They takes a thing that looks like a goose quilt and puts it in a it, the ma, there's this fam' Rep sick pusson's mouth-and what you think for? Why, jest to find out whether he's got a good or bad temper. They his temper all the time, and the mor They takes he is the often they takes it. My father! Jest as if it made a bit of difference when you's goin' to die anyway what kind of a temper you has. It's too late then for a sick pusson to git another temper. No, indeed, I certainly ain't got no use for these yere trained nurses."—Washington

Evidently Meant for Her. She held a letter from her husband's

odge in her hand. "I wonder if I am justified in opening it," she mused. "I think I am. True, it," she mused. "I think I am. True, the letter is addressed to John, but after the name it says 'Supreme Potentate,' and there's only one Supreme Potentate' in

his family." Reasoning thus logically, she naturally had no hesitation in breaking the seal .-Chicago Post.

The Soft Answer.

"I don't think you will find that the angels ever smoke," said she, with mild reproach in her voice. "I guess not," said he, "I am sure you never do. Run and get me a match, will you?" And the foolish woman went for the match.—Indianapolis Journal.

Stitch-in-Time Basket.

Stitch-iu-Time Basket.

Mary Lowe Dickinson has good counsel to offer to her sisters who have the care of a household upon their shoulders, says the Philadelphia Times. When the clothing comes from the laundry, she says, consign such of it as needs the "stitch in time" to the work-basket. And by the work-basket is not meant the little basket that holds the spool and thread and the light sewing material, but a basket large enough to hold whatever needs to be repaired or whatever piece of unfinished work may be on hand. Never let an unmended article get back into the drawer of clothing that is ready for service.

And when the repairs have been made place the fresh articles at the bottom of its own pile, using for your next occasion the articles on the top of the pile. In this way none of the clothing will be allowed to remain in the drawer until it becomes yellow from lack of use and the wear will be about equal on all suits. One of our objects is to dress well and at the same time to avoid great accumulations of garments—too good to be thrown away and not good enough for comfortable use, yet endured for economy's sake.

good enough for comfortable use, yet en-dured for economy's sake. Never fall into the mistake of supposing hat it is of no importance that any garment be nice except those worn in sight. Fineness of texture, daintiness of trimmings, these can be dispensed with, but perfect cleanliness and perfect wholeness are indispensable. There is an intangible chical influence, or, as a good country mother put it: "There is an sight of good manners comes jest with bein' dressed up. My children always behave better in their best clothes." She was right. The girl who "don't care what she puts on" doesn't care for some other things that the dught not to forget, and the sight was right. hat it is of no importance that any gar

ORIGIN OF THE MONTHS' NAMES.

Yet, there's something that I miss October, November and December Misnomers for 10th, 11th and Months.

"January was named after the Roman god, Janus; the delty with two faces, one looking into the past and the other gazing forward to the future," writes Clifford Howard, in the June Ladies' Home Journal. "February comes from the Latin word februe, to purify. It was customary for the Romans to observe festivals of for the Romans to observe festivals of purification during that month. March owes its name to the old God of War. Among the Saxons this month was known as Lenct, meaning spring; and this is the origin of our word Lent. April was named from the Latin Aperio, to open, in signification of the opening of flowers. The Saxons called the month Eastre, in honor of their Goddess of Spring, from which comes our word Easter. May was named after the Roman goddess Maia, and June was so-called in honor of Julius Caesar, and August gets its name from Augustus Ceasar. September is from the Latin septem, seven, this being the seventh month according to the old Roman calendar. October, November and December aldar. October, November and December al-so retain the names by which they were known under the old calendar, when there were but ten months in the year octo, novem and decem-meaning, eight nine and ten."

In a pap r on political ref rm in the June Century, Governor Roosevelt advises re-formers to disregard fanatics.

formers to disregard fanatics.

It is vital that every man who is in politics, as a man ought to be, with a disinterested purpose to serve the public should strive steadily for reform; that he should have the highest ideals. He must should have the highest torsis. He must lead, only he must lead in the right di-rection, and normally he must be in sigh-of his followers. Cynicism in public it-is a curse, and when a man has lost the power of enthusiasm for righteousness, it win be better for him and the country it

Above all, the political reformer mes not permit timself to be driven from I is dut, of supporting what is right by (n) irrigation at the men who, while nominally supporting the same objects, and evidiculing him as a backslider or an "opertunist," yet by their levity or fanat cism do damage to the cause which he really serves, and which they profess to serve. Let him desregard them; for though they are, according to their ability, the foes of decent politics, yet, after all, they are but weakings, and the real and day are but weakings, and the real and they are but weakings, and the real and dangerous enemies of the cause he holds dear are those sinister beings who batten on the evil of our political system, and both profit by its existence, and by their own existence tend to perpetuate and inown existeres tend to perpetuate and ancrease it We must not be diverted from our warfare with these powerful and efficient corruptionists by irrigation at the vain prattles who think they are at the head of he reform forces, whereas they are really wanderings in the by paths in the

English at the Vatican.

The Duke of Cambridge and his friends have many stories to tell of his recent stay in Rome. One of his experiences is specially characteristic of all the parties concerned. On the occasion of a visit to the Vatican the Duke, hearing from a friend that it was proper to talk Latin there, rather nervously brushed up a few phrases and passwords. The Vatican, on its part, hearing that the Duke spoke only English, was equally punctilious. At guards who could speak English were or-dered to the front. The chamberlains of English nationality or speech were re-quired to attend, and the Pope himself practiced the English sentences he had learned from Mr. Neld, an English resi-dent in Brussels, fifty years ago, priding himself on the vernacular of his "Seat

The gallant Duke, when he arrived at the outer portals of the Vaticap, was address-ed by a guard, who said, "This way, Your Royal Highness."

Royal Highness."

The Duke started with relief—he was rid for a moment of his Latin. The same experience met him at each turn, and in the ante-room it was repeated. Reaching at last the doors of the Pope's private apartments, the Duke was met by a monsigner whose mother was English and whose own accent is native, as he offered to take His Royal Highness's hat. "Well, I'm-something or other, blurted out the astounded visitor; but it was a word the Pope did not remember to have from Mr. Neld.—London Chronicle.

Sangrael. The day is done, Save for one cloud whereon the westering sun,

In dazzling disavowal of the night, Has left his seal of light: Viceregent of the evening sky, It gleams on high.

So bravely shown On many a faithful, wounded knight, for-By grief and pain and weariness supreme-The Sangarel of his dream Ere, in its radiant presence blest, His soul found rest.

Sin had no lure For him whose heart so valorous hope made sure. Safe from all lesser loves, he strove to

Strength in his mortal pain, To reach with reverent hands death-shriven The pledge of heaven. —Howard Chandler Robbins, in Harper's

Magazine.

Where Cape. Nome Is. Cape Nome is situated on the chore of

Bering Sea at the mouth of Snake Riv-er, Seward Peninsula, central-western Alaska, U. S. A., 65 degrees north lati-tude and 166 degrees west longitude, and by the ocean route, distant from its base of supply, Seattle, some twenty-seven hundred miles. In making the ocean trip from Seattle one steams westward for nineteen hundred miles across the North Pacific Ocean to Dutch Harbor on the Aleutian Archipelego, and thence northward eight hundred miles to the land of gold, passing en route the government's seal-rookeries on the Pribyloff Islands. During the ocean voyage of ten days one is encompassing a part of the six hundred thousand miles of Alaskan territory, and on reaching Cape Nome is as far west as Seattle as Chicago is east. Harper's Weekly.

The First Cook Book.

To the Romans belongs the honor of having produced the first European cookery book, and, though the authorship is uncertain, it is generally attributed to Caelius Apicius, who lived under Trajan [114 A. D.) Here are two recipes from this ancient collection: "First, for a sauce to ancient collection: "First, for a sauce to be eaten with boiled fowl, put the following ingredlents into a mortar: Aniseed, dried mint, and lazer root, cover them with vinegar, add dates, and pour in liquamen (a distilled liquor made from large fish which were salted and allowed to turn putrid in the sun), oil, and a small quantity of mustard seeds. Reduce all to a proper thickness with sweet wine warmed, and then pour this same over your chicken, which should previously be boiled in aniseed water." The second recipe shows the same queer mixture of inboiled in aniseed water." The second re-cipe shows the same queer mixture of in-gredients: "Take 2 wheelbarrow of rose leaves and pound in a mortar, add to it brains of two pigs and two thrushes boiled and mixed with the chopped-up yolk of egg, oil, vinegar, pepper and wine. Mix and pour these together, and stow them

recipe of that date for making two lies which were to be served together—one containing live birds and the other live frogs. When the latter was opened "out skip the frogs, which make the ladies to shriek and skip," while the birds when released were to add to the general confusion by flying at the candles and putting out the lights. A dish of peacock was a favorite plat at Rome, and was served at the beginning of dinner. The bird, having first been done to death by stifling, was then skinned, the inside was filled with the flesh of other birds, and the whole sewn together, and finally sent in to table affixed to a small branch as if ally Chamber's o a small branch as if alive.-Chamber's

Tolstol and the Church.

The Greek church has finally separated tself from Toistoi. In his last novel, the Resurrection, be criticises unsparingly Resurrection, he criticises unsparingly its ceremonies and gives it an exceedingly had notice. The church felt that before that he had dissembled his love for itsomewhat too successfully, but Resurrection fairly kicked it down stairs, and having picked itself up, it has declared throug the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg that Tolstoi is a hopeless herette, and that no priest shall give him the sacrament or bury him unless he repents acrament or bury him unless he repents

steadily and slowly till, the perfume is developed."

The Romans were very fond of surprise dishes, each as pigs stuffed with live thrushes; and to anticipate a little, this taste descended as 200 our own times as the reign of Charles II. 25 witness a recipe of that data for making the size. round from Natal on furlough, with some-thing about them of the City clerk, over-laid with the confident mien of the tired and whit he contains men to the Island." they are past all classificationmen of Essex 822 Lawcashire and Middlesex, militia drafts for the Seaforths and the Highland Light Infantry, and med of the broad Aberdonian speech eager join the much-tried Gordons on the Mod-der. But go where you will throughout the colony the scene is the same. A bathe at Sea Point, and you meet sundry gunners of the siege train, with green in their buttonholes. It is St. Patrick's Day, and "there are plenty of Irish in our lot," they explain.—The Spectator.

High Expolsives in the War.

Apparently army officers are not deceived corcerning high explosives in actual warfare, at least in their present condition. Captain Zalinski in a most interesting article on the subject in The International Monthly for June, says: "High explosives were also used in the so-called dynamitagun of the Sims-Dudley type, used in

Cuba.
"It was found that the range was so short that the gunners were exposed to the fire of the Mauser rifles in the hands of the Spanish troops, long before they could reach a point from where they could



Miss Cutting—"Well, if she accepted your candy, your flowers, your books, your caresses, she must have accepted about everything of yours."

Mr. Synical—"She did; even my rival."

and acknowledges the Orthodox doctrine and acknowledges the Orthodox doctrine and comes back into the fold. It has been quietly done, because Tolstoi is strongly with the Russian people. It does not appear that it will affect Tolstoi very much one way or the other, except somewhat perhaps in his feelings. He had already put aside the dogmas of the Greek Church and most other churches, and though he maintained for a time a connection with the Russian Church, he had come in later ways to the conclusion that it was later years to the conclusion that it was worse than no church at all.—E. S. Martin, in Harper's Weekly.

> The Northern Muse. The Northern Muse looks up Into the ancient tree, Where hang the seven apples

And twine the roses three. I heard like the eternal Susrurrus of the sea, Her "Scire quod sciendurn

Da mihi Domine' -Bliss Carman in the June Atlantic.

How Whitman Helped Childs.

Here is a pleasant story which has never appeared in print, but is known to be true. The poet Walt Whitman was as is well known, dependent during most of his life upon the kindness of his riends and admirers for a support. years before his death, one of these friends called upon him in his little house in Camden, a suburban town of Philade

winter? Any subscription needed for Christmas?"

"No," said Whitman; "no. I'm at work now. I'm in the employ of George Childs, He pays me \$50 a month."
"You at work!" May I ask what is your

"Why, I ride in the street cars. I fall

nto talk with the drivers and conductors, and find out which of them have no ove coats, and guess at their size and notify Childs, and then he sends the overcoats. It's hard work," said the poet, thought-fully. "And then, you know, it helps Childs along."—Youth's Companion.

The Make-Up of the English Army. The men who pass in this part of Natal are as distinct and individual as their are as distinct and individual as dress is monotonous and ugly. There are men who look as if they had just come out of a band-box; their spurs flash in the sunlight, and their uniform fits like a glove. There are others again who have come down from the front, wounded or invalided, who look like tired workmen who have been toliking in a sand quarry. who have been tolling in a sand quarry. There are men who have obviously come out with the idea of having a holiday—men who crowd the smoking-room of the Mount Nelson Hotel if of commissioned rank, and the bars of the town if below that same. There are plenty more who are in strenuous earnest, who always seem to have something vital on hand, and who have something vital on hand, and who have something vital on hand, and who are in a hurry to get on, up country, somewhere, it matters not where, so that it be away from idleness and nearer the "real thing." But all these various types you may see in the homogeneous crowd, military or otherwise. What makes it unique among all other crowds is the innumerable and far-sundered lands from which this crowd is drawn. All the continents of earth, all the Seven Seas, have

which this crowd is drawn. All the continents of earth, all the Seven Seas, have given men to make up this crowd. There are stalwart Canadians, large-boned, grave and slow of speech.

There are men from Rhydesia who have runbed thence on the whisper of excitement to be had els-where. There are Afrikanders—not of Bond tendencies, be it understood—who have joined one or other of the numerous corps of irregular horse

reach the enemy. The action of the shell being entirely local, the radius of danger was much less when the ordinary shrap-nel shell was exploded.

"It followed that, to produce effective results, it was necessary for the shell charged with high explosives to land in the midst of a compact body of troops in order to produce much result. There was no question that in such cases the effect no question that it such that the men imme-diately exposed to the blast of explosion were dreadfully mangled. This, however, is not what is sought for in war.

In the first place, it is not more than necessary to place a man hors-de-combat; and to use a ton to kill one person, instead of one hundred and fifty grains, does not seem quite logical or necessary. Again, it is much better to wound an enemy than to kill him, inasmuch as a wounded man requires several men to take care of him. The use of the guns, with their ammuni-tion, involve considerable danger to those using them. The shell might be explod-ed by the enemy's fire as well as by careed by the enemy's fire as well as by care-less handling and the accidents incidental less handling and the accidents indicated to transport in the field. When a full explosion takes place, the walls of the shell are so connected that the small fragments lose their power within a short distance. The danger radius is therefore

"The odinary powder-charged shrapnel is safer to carry and handle, gives a wide canoical sheaf of man-killing and disabling fragments, covering a space fifty yards in front of the point of its explosion. The fragments are numerous, but sufficiently large to kill or disable men and borses hit by them.

' It does not, therefore, appear that the present conditions indicate it to be ad-visable to use high explosives in shell or shrapnel for military operations in the field. They are, however, sure to be used in harbor defences and in aerial torpedoes

Sonnet.

There he some songs that, whoseever sing eth, They fall in measured cadence on the And soft and slow their music ever ring

eth Adown the weary waning of the year. All may not think their strains divines rapture,

But unto us their faintest echo seems Like unto those that all our senses cap ture, Heard in the fairy realms of sweetes

dreams; And the spell lies in touch of mem'ry's fingers
That wake within our hearts some an-

swering note-A note whose blessed sweetness ever lin-

gers
Like the dear sounds from some rare
song-bird's throat;
A linering note that, from the past, doth

Something of long-gone joy or half-sweet SOFFOW. -Clara Singer Poynter, in Chamber's Journal, Otago, New Zealand.

A Lover's Breviary.

Pale rose with petals folded tight, Half clasped within their leafy shell, On thee with script invisible—

On thee with script invisible—
As on a missal's pages white—
A mystic prayer of love I write,
Which thy green covere hide so well
No other shall its secret spell
Bave she who carries thee to-night.
Deft-ingered monks on parchment fine
Inscribed their prayers full plously
With crimson scroll and gilded lina.
A touch divine has wrought for me

A touch divine has wrought for me And this poor, human love of mine Entrusts its orison to thee. —F. A. Van Santford, in Harper's Barrey.

The Month of Weddings and Roses.